

The Star.

VOLUME 3.

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1894.

NUMBER 19.

Childrens' Reeler Suits FOR \$2 00	BOYS' Long Pants Suits FOR \$3.50	Children's SUITS FOR \$2 00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits with extra pair pants \$3.00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits FOR \$1.00
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Mens' All-wool SUITS for \$6.50.

Mens' Good Business SUITS for \$8.00.

Mens' Good Black Suits for Dress \$10.00.

Remember we have one of the Finest GUTTERS in our Merchant Tailor Department. Suits for \$20.00 and up.

Black or Blue!

Men's, Boy's and Children's SUITS ANY - SIZE - OR - STYLE!
Single Breasted Sack Suits, sizes from 33 to 48, Blue or Black.
Cutaway Frock Suits, Blue or Black.
Regent Cutaway Suits, full long style.

We buy all our suits from the finest manufactory of men's suits and if you find any of our clothing to rip we ask you to bring the suit back and we give you a new suit.
Match Us If You Can.

BELL, The ONLY Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

Make a Base - Hit and come to Bell's

Our Fall Stock of Overcoats are coming in daily.

Under-Price Under-Wear, 75c. per suit.

STYLES and PRICES to suit the times. We have them for you.

Wed a Neck-tie to your Col-lar. We will tie the knot for 25c.

COME IN! Where?
TO THE "Bee Hive" Store,
WHERE
L. J. McEntire, & Co.,
The Groceryman, deals in all kinds of Groceries, Canned Goods, Green Goods Tobacco and Cigars, Flour and Feed, Baled Hay and Straw. Fresh goods always on hand.
Country produce taken in exchange for goods.
A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.
Very truly yours,
Lawrence J. McEntire & Co.,
The Grocerymen.

J. S. MORROW, DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, and Shoes,
Fresh Groceries
Flour and Feed.
GOODS DELIVERED FREE.
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK
Reynoldsville, Pa.
A. KATZEN, Proprietor
People's Bargain Store,
has just returned from the east with an immense line of Goods.
Call at his store for bargains.

IT RAINS.
And the leaves fall thick and fast.
As the houghs are bent in the autumn blast,
The sparrows hover 'neath sheltering eaves,
And the voice of the wind is like one who grieves.
It rains.
And the team goes not afield
To seed the earth for another yield;
The farmer sits by the kitchen fire
And smokes his pipe to soothe his ire.
It rains.
And the fire burns cheerful and bright,
And the heart of the mother is happy tonight,
And she smiles as the lamplight shimmers o'er
Her babes at play with their toys on the floor.
It rains.
And with voice with emotion choked,
A mother, in garments lathered and soaked,
Drags her weary feet with trembling tread
To beg for her darlings a morsel of bread.
It rains.
And the sallow's wife is sad,
As the wind shrieks by like a demon mad,
And a prayer ascends to the great white throne,
"Oh, Father, leave me not alone!"
It rains.
And the tall trees sadly wave
Their drenched boughs o'er a new made grave,
And the grief-stricken hearts burst forth again,
As they think of the loved one out in the rain.
It rains.
—A. Willis Lightbourn.

DO NOT KILL THEM.

BIRDS THAT ARE REAL AIDS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.
The Harm They Do Is Small Compared to the Good They Accomplish—Even the Much Abused Hawk and Owl Render Valuable Service and Do Slight Harm.

"No decent person who knows the value of birds that sing, whether their notes be harsh or sweet voiced, will ever kill a singing bird," said a naturalist. "Thousands of birds that are of inestimable value to the farmer as well as to the town dweller who grows fruit or keeps a garden are slaughtered ruthlessly every year.
"The farmer, the gardener and the fruit grower should know more about the birds that nest and sing and flit about their premises, for then they would defend and protect them and in time have them back in something like their old time numbers and variety. How often nowadays does one see the saucy, rich voiced, nervous little wren! A few years ago it was seen and heard everywhere, but it must be a favored locality that it visits now. Yet the little wren was a most ravenous devourer of the pestiferous and destructive cutworm of the gardens and did great work toward lessening the damage done by the pest of the soil. The bright little blue-bird clears the air and the ground of thousands of codlin moths and canker-worms during a season.
"The crow blackbird has no peace at the hands of man, yet a flock of them in a short time will clear a newly planted field of all its hosts of destructive larvae that the plow turns up. The great American crow itself would do the same thing if it wasn't for the inevitable man with a gun that just wants the crow to try it once. Neither the blackbird nor the crow cares as much for corn as it does for grubs, and if farmers would scatter corn about their fields instead of putting up scarecrows and the like these misunderstood birds would never pull up a hill of his planting. The changes are anyhow that if the agriculturist will take the trouble to examine a hill of young corn that he charges the crow with pulling up he will find that it was cut off by a grub of some kind, and that the crow was simply mining for the grub, not the corn.
"The robin, it cannot be denied, is a sore trial to the man who has fruit trees and bushes, but if he could only bring himself to stop and think how many thousands of ravaging insects that are the especial enemies of his trees and bushes that the robin destroys, both before the fruit has ripened and for weeks after it is gone, he would not begrudge the bird the few quarts of cherries or berries that it levies on as partial satisfaction of the debt the grower owes him. The same may be said of the other thrushes—for the robin is a thrush—the cherry birds, orioles, blue jays and many other birds of that class. These birds never levy tribute on grain or seeds, but they do the farmer untold benefit.
"The climbing birds are the different varieties of woodpeckers, and they are constantly befriending growing things. Whenever a woodpecker is heard tapping on a tree, it is the deathknell of the larvæ of some destructive insect. Yet it is not an uncommon thing to see the very person for whom this bird is industriously at work following with his gun the bird's red head from tree to tree until the opportunity comes for him to send a load of shot into the unsuspecting feathered philanthropist. It is a pet belief among farmers that the woodpecker kills the tree it works on, and that he is working for that very purpose. It is a fact that the common little sapsucker does injure trees, but the woodpecker never does. Quite the contrary. The white breasted nut hatch and the little gray creeper—so generally confounded with the sapsucker—live exclusively on tree insects, yet the nut hatch is in bad repute among many farmers because they believe it kills their bees.
"The meadow lark is another bird that has little peace on any one's land, for there is a mistaken notion abroad

that he is a game bird. He is game in the quality of being alert and hard to get a shot at, but is no more entitled to be so classified than the flicker or high-holder is. The meadow lark is a constant feeder on underground larvae, and whatever he is disturbed he is simply driven away from active work in ridding the ground of the worst kinds of farm pests. The blue jay may be said to be indirectly an enemy to the farmer as well as a friend, for it has the bad habit of destroying the eggs of other birds that do only good.
"If there is one bird that the farmer loves to do all in his power to exterminate more than he does the crow, unless it may be the hawk, that bird is the owl. He can't be brought to the belief that if it were not for the owls and the hawks his fields would be overrun and burrowed by field mice to such an extent that his crops would be in perpetual danger; that owls, while out mousing, feed on myriads of night flying moths and beetles, thus preventing the laying of millions upon millions of the eggs of these insects, and that they not only keep the field mice down, but lessen the number of domestic mice and rats about barns and outhouses to an extent that a small army of the most vigilant cats could not surpass. As to the hawk, the farmer remembers that on some occasion one carried off a chicken for him, and therefore the fact that the big soaring bird daily kills many field mice, grasshoppers, snakes, lizards, beetles and other vermin cannot be set up in its defense. The proportion of hawks or owls that kill chickens is small compared with those who keep down the deadly enemies of the farmer's crops."—Exchange.

BESSEMER ON BESSEMER STEEL.

Marvelous Quickness in Converting Cast Iron into the Hardened Metal.
In The Engineering Review Sir Henry Bessemer has an article on the steel industry which bears his name. He reminds us that a third of a century ago Sheffield steel made from the costly bar iron of Sweden realized from £50 to £60 a ton. Now, by the Bessemer process, steel of excellent quality can be made direct from crude pig iron at a cost ridiculously small compared with former prices and in quantities which the old steel workers never dreamed of dealing with at one operation.
In lieu of the slow and expensive process of converting wrought iron bars into crude or blister steel by 10 days' exposure at a very high temperature to the action of carbon, cast iron worth only £3 a ton is, Sir Henry says, converted into Bessemer cast steel in 30 minutes wholly without skilled manipulation or the employment of fuel, and while still maintaining its initial heat it can at once be rolled into railway bars or other required forms.
The article gives a vivid picture of all that has been brought about by this revolution in a manufacture in which up to our own time there had been no change since blades of matchless temper were wrought in the forges of Damascus and Toledo. Steel is now adapted to a thousand purposes of which our ancestors had no conception.
By way of giving some idea of the enormous production of Bessemer steel now, Sir Henry asks us to imagine a wall 5 feet in thickness and 20 feet high, like a gigantic armor plate formed into a circle and made to surround London. The inclosure so made would extend to Watford on the north side, to Croydon on the south, to Woolwich on the east and to Richmond on the west. It would contain an area of 795 square miles, and this great wall of London, weighing 10,500,000 tons, would just be equal to one year's production of Bessemer steel.

Oratory and Wit.
"A curious thing about political oratory and wit is the side light I got upon one aspect of it years ago in Buffalo." Thus Mr. Cleveland is quoted by a listener. "One morning a quaint looking old chap came into my office and said that he had read in the newspapers that I was to speak at a mass meeting the following night and wanted to know if it were true. When I told him that it was so, he revealed to me a new method of gaining oratorical distinction. He volunteered to interrupt my speech at stated intervals with a remark that should be agreed upon between us. To this interjection I was to retort wittily, and thus, as the old fellow pointed out, I would acquire a reputation as a witty speaker.
"My first impression was that he was amusing himself at my expense, but he repeated to me several things I could reply to wittily and wanted me to pay him roundly for helping me to a reputation. But I told him I was indifferent to that kind of fame, and he went away disappointed. Not very long after that I was seated on a stage listening to a speaker, when who should arise in the audience but my quaint visitor and bawl out one of the very things he wanted me to pay him for interrupting me with. The orator answered him with the same retort that I was offered the privilege of making, and the audience exploded into laughter, and I heartily joined in, but my amusement had not the same foundation, I fancy, as that of the rest of the laughers. And during the rest of the evening the old fellow made an occasional interruption from different parts of the house, and the reports were of the same manufactured sort. I am a trifle skeptical now on the subject of witty retorts."—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.
Ancient Beliefs That Trees Were the Ancestors of the Human Race.
The descent of the human race from some particular species of tree is one of the oldest myths that can be found running through the folk stories of every nation. In Virgil we find reference to the race of "men who took their birth from trunks of trees," and among some of the early commentators on that statement we even find speculations as to the particular species of tree from which the race sprung. The very earliest Egyptians as well as those who lived under later dynasties had a legend of the "tree of life," and many of the leading investigators, both ancient and modern, have expressed the opinion that from Egypt came the Biblical story of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" which graced the original garden made by the All Wise for our first parents.
Professor Thistleton (see his "Folk Lore of Plants") believes that the Scriptural narrative cited is a survival of the belief in the "tree descent of man," and that the abiding faith of mankind in the tradition again crops out in Revelation, where the "tree of life" plays as important a part as that of the famous tree mentioned in the first book of the Bible. The natives of Madagascar have a tradition which is believed and perpetuated among them to the effect that the first man was born alive from a tree, and that he immediately set about making himself "a helpmeet," fashioning her from a knotted limb by the aid of a mussel shell carving knife. Marsden's "History of Sumatra" tells us that the people of the Philippine Islands also have the tree descent legend among them, and King, in his "Life Among the Bushmen of Australia," says that the people there habitually live among the trees, because "they are taught from infancy that their early ancestors were trees endowed with the faculty of speaking and moving about from place to place."—St. Louis Republic.

Evidently Mistaken.
He was a polite appearing man, with a small leather case in his hand, and when he rang the bell the lady of the house, who was "reddin up" the parlor, did not fear to go to the door, rag around her head and all.
"I am selling a small article here," he began as soon as the period of usual salutation had passed.
"I guess not," she interrupted.
"I beg your pardon," he said in a cloud of comprehensiveness.
"I said I guessed not," she smiled.
"Guessed not what?"
"Guessed you were not selling a small article here."
"But I assure you, madam, I am, and I have been selling them all over town for a week past."
"I don't doubt that, but it isn't any sign you are selling one here, for you are not, nor will you. I don't know what it is, nor do I want to know, and I wouldn't want it if I did, so good morning," and she firmly, but gently closed the door in his face.
"Wonder if that is another one of them language sharps from Boston," he soliloquized as he went down the steps.
—Detroit Free Press.

Spencer's Peculiarities.
Herbert Spencer, while traveling in England, pounced upon a pretty man in the cars who smoked or who even attempted to smoke out of the windows. "Is it disagreeable to you?" they would ask. "Not at all," he would reply, "but it is against the law, and the law is a proper one. You have no right to break it, and you shall not do it, and if you do not desist I will call the guard."
With porter, cabby or steamboat captain he was ever ready to do battle in the cause of justice, but he had no patience with chronic fault finding. "I used to visit Carlyle," he said, "but he has got so cross and misanthropic and raves so constantly about the hor-ribly state of things that I couldn't stand it. I do not want to argue with him, and I won't listen to his nonsense, and so I stay away."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Collecting Astor House Rents.
Possibly it is not generally known that the Astor House block has two owners, whose relations are strained, to say the least—John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor. Although the rent of the hotel itself is necessarily paid in a single check, that of the stores and offices at one end of the building is collected by the representative of one Astor, while the revenue from the other end is garnered by the representative of the other.—National Hotel Reporter.

Unjust Discrimination.
Officer Phoneygan—"It's thin you're lookin, Mike."
Officer O'Morphy—"Tis the fault of the chief, be hang'd to 'im."
Officer Phoneygan—"How's that?"
Officer O'Morphy—"Shure, an' he put me on a beat with never a fruitstand on it, the discriminating blaggard!"—Chicago Record.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

Empress Josephine owned the finest opal of modern times. It was called "The Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.